The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XL SEPTEMBER, 1931 No. 3

Publication Office
49 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Boston, Mass.
"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

WHAT TO THINK ABOUT

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Philippians, IV, 8.

Saint Paul seems as if he could not break off his glad, humble, grateful letter to the beloved Philippians, whose generosity to him had touched his heart. Several times he seems to be on the point of ending it, but cannot resist the desire to give one more solemn and hopeful message. He has already told them to rejoice in the Lord; to let their gentleness be known unto all men; to lay aside all nervous anxiety about their future, secure in faith and prayer; and so, he says, the peace of God, better than any device of man, shall stand sentry over their hearts. Then follows this verse. He tells them what to think of, what to value and make of great account, what to practice in their lives. And if they do this, he says, the God of peace will certainly be with them.

"Whatsoever things are *true*." The word has a fuller and deeper meaning in the Bible than now it has. "Truth" with us means the opposite of falsity in speech; but in Scripture it means the opposite of all unreality, all sham, all semblance. Saint Paul bids them to think habitually of all that is real; on the substance, not on the shadow; on the eternal, not on the transitory; on God, not on the world. He means the same as David meant when he prayed, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (that is, from dwelling on what is hollow and empty), "but quicken Thou me in Thy law." He means the same as our Lord meant when He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth consume and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." In this, as in all else that is valuable, the sacred authority of Revelation does but emphasize the universal experience of the world.

Well, then, if you would not be utterly disappointed, utterly and inevitably, and most miserably, "Whatsoever things are *real*"—God, the soul, eternity, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—"think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are *honorable*." The Greek word means "noble." It is an exhortation to dignity of thought as opposite to meanness of thought. It invites to self-respect. Most of the many base things which men say are said anonymously, or on false pretexts, with the pretence of aims more reputable than those by which they are really influenced. Men and women often deceive even themselves. They act and speak and write ignobly, and persuade themselves that they are actuated by sincere and lofty motives. A high sense of our dignity as redeemed, ennobled beings would render impossible nine tenths of the small, mean, envious baseness of which the whole world is full. Almost every vice and sin is, of its very nature, not only sinful, but also unseemly and degrading. It is the tendency of all sin to drag us down, to make us often the more contemptible, the more proud we are.

When a man fills all his thoughts, and therefore all his life, with wicked aims and forbidden desires, he ignores the essential

dignity of his immortal nature. Let us strive to cherish more and more in our hearts, ere it be too late, that honest self-respect which shrinks from every baseness as from a stain.

"No one will ever know"; so argues the subtle tempter. But the answer is, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Though none ever know it, I shall know it; God will know it; it will lie forever like a spark of fire upon my conscience; the sense of it will humiliate me; the guilt of it will drag down my life.

And "whatsoever things are *just.*" Justice is one of the most elementary human duties; aye, and one of the rarest. Men's thoughts are commonly swayed by their interests, tainted by their prejudices; they judge by their appearances; they are warped by unreasonable antipathies; they use false balances and unjust weights in judging one another.

Try to be what so very few are, habitually fair. "Whatsoever things are just, think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are *pure.*" Ah! that this warning might reach the heart of every one of you, and inspire you with the resolute effort to banish from your minds everything that defileth!

And "whatsoever things are *lovely*"—winning, attractive thoughts that live and are radiant in the light. If you think of such things, the baser and viler things will have no charm for you. Try, then, above all, "the expulsive power of good affections." Empty by filling; empty of what is mean and impure by filling with what is noble and lovely.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshly will only seem revolting. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect: the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset, and ocean. Oh, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness, which deprave corrupted souls!

And "whatsoever things are of *good report.*" Here is the difference between the children of the world and the children of the kingdom. The world delights in whatsoever things are of ill report—base stories, evil surmises, scandalous hints. The world revels in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It finds nothing piquant for its base and jaded appetite in the beauty of fair deeds and noble purposes; but tricks, and ingenious lies, and backbiting, and stabbing reputations in the dark. Do not you be content to degrade yourselves into "sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of gossip." You, if you would be noble, if you would be a Christian at all, have nothing to do with these things! "Hear as little as you possibly can to the prejudice of others; believe nothing of the kind unless you are forced to believe it; never circulate—nor approve of those who do circulate—loose reports; moderate as far as you can the censure of others; always believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given of the matter." That is thoroughly good advice. Above all, remember thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things.

Above all, think, take account of these things! For these things, Saint Paul tells you, are the secret of the peace of God. Thought passes into action. The thought becomes the word, the word the deed, the deed the habit, the habit the character, the character the eternal being of our souls. The evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, is not lovelier than the character of him whose whole being is passed in the region of eternal realities; who knows the reverence which is due from every man to his own soul; who loves the thing that is lawful and right, in singleness of hearts; who keeps the temple of his soul pure and bright with the Presence of the Holy One; who loves all that is beautiful whether in nature or in art; who hates whatever is ignoble, and who loves his neighbor as himself.

What has such a man to fear? The eternal forces are with him.

—*Frederic W. Farrar.*

A stranger in Boston, standing in Dewey Square, accosted a "newsie" asking him the way to the Shawmut Bank.

The "newsie" said, "For a quarter, I'll show you the way." The quarter exchanged hands and the stranger was taken a dozen steps or so away to the branch on Summer Street. Realizing he had been "taken in" he could not suppress a smile as he remarked, "Your charge is pretty high, my boy." To which the "newsie" retorted, "Sure! You have to pay a good fee to a bank director."

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

One Dish Meal

One-half package spaghetti, ½ pound round steak, ground; 2 tablespoons suet, 1 large onion, chopped fine; ½ green pepper, cut fine; 1 can peas, 4 celery stalks, cut fine; 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 can tomato soup, ½ cup buttered bread crumbs.

Parboil the spaghetti for 7 minutes in 2 quarts rapidly boiling water to which ½ tablespoon salt has been added. Drain.

Brown the steak in the melted suet with the onions and green pepper.

In a well-greased baking dish, place a layer of spaghetti, one of peas and celery, and one of the meat mixture. Repeat until all the ingredients are used up. Season with salt and pepper. Cover all with tomato soup and sprinkle bread crumbs on top. Bake slowly in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Macaroni may be substituted for the spaghetti.

Corn Fritters

One cup corn, yolks of 2 eggs, beaten, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup pastry flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Mix above together and fold in whites of 2 eggs, beaten dry. Fry in deep fat, dropping from a teaspoon.

Handy Hints

To prevent accidents with bottles containing poison, buy a dozen tiny bells and every time a bottle of poison is brought into the house tie a bell to its neck. Even in the dark the bell will tinkle its warning.

Automobile grease can be removed from silks and fabrics which will not stand washing, by covering them with powdered magnesia, rubbing it well into the fabric and letting it remain two or three days. Brush out and remove any clinging powder with a soft cloth.

A piece of felt or velvet glued to the bottom of vases will cover the rough surface which often scratches tables, mantels, etc., on which the vases are put.

Dip the stopper of a mucilage bottle in paraffin before putting it into the bottle and it will not stick.

ACHING FEET

As a toe is bent, so will it grow, under or over itself or the next toe to it. The most prominent joint of such a toe and of its fellow gets friction, with the result of a painful callous, which is a corn. In trying to protect and spare this painful corn, the owner limps, shifts the body weight from the painful side and causes a tipped pelvis, a crooked spine and other ills due to improper balance of the body.

"Big aches from little corns do grow." The habit of foot covering is one that sticks until the grave, so let us pay some attention to it. Unfortunately, fashion dictates that bare feet are taboo. We were born with bare feet—but there the story ends. Foot covering, then, is our present concern. Stockings and shoes that are too tight produce corns, hammer toes, bunions, ingrowing toe nails, fallen arches and many other painful conditions. Aching knees, hips and back are a few of the most important as well as the most painful of these. Try laughing when you have a burning corn. There isn't any question but that aching feet cause a disturbed mental state.

But try to change this semi-Chinese custom of binding feet and see how unpopular you become. Our race admires its feet only when they are encased in natty-looking and often tight-fitting shoes. Fortunately, the latter soon show signs of stretching to accommodate the contents.

Women no longer wear constricting clothing of chest and abdomen. The result is a great improvement in the health of womankind, because their lungs, intestinal tract and accessory organs are given better chances to function. Allah hasten the day when freedom of the feet will be the style. The human race will be better off mentally and physically.

When your feet trouble you, consult your family doctor. He will find the cause of the trouble and remove it, no matter whether it be a fungus infection, such as ringworm between the toes, or a dropping of one of the arches of the feet. When he advises that you buy a size larger shoe do not look shocked. This is probably the cause of the whole trouble. The shoe salesman knows your correct size and desires to fit you properly, but what can he do if you insist on being fitted simply on the basis of looks and style? — *By John William Shuman, M.D., Los Angeles, Calif. (Gorgas Memorial Institute)*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking *"Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I wish to hear from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. We are passing through hard times and my husband has been without work for sometime. Some reading matter would be appreciated and I wonder if anyone can send me the address of Mary L. Kerr, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Roy Stanton, Green Cove, Va.

2. Mrs. Zenna Blevins, Helton, N. C., sends thanks to all who remembered her with cheer. The "death angel" took her infant babe away and she is left with a very weak heart. The doctor says she must be very careful and regain her strength. Mrs. Blevins enjoys the *Cheerful Letter* magazine very much and hopes someone will send her some reading material.

3. I have not heard from any of my *Cheerful Letter* friends for a year and have lost trace of them. I have been ill all winter and cannot do any heavy work. My baby boy is 6 weeks old and my girls' ages are 5 and 7 years. My nearest neighbor is 2½ miles away, so any kind of cheer would be most acceptable. Mrs. J. B. Sheppard, Thaxton, N. C.

4. I would be glad to receive some good books and magazines to read in my lonely hours or anything that would give me cheer. Mrs. Ola Ross, Route 3, Mt. Enterprise, Texas.

5. Mrs. Ada Willard, Buffalo Ridge, Va., lives on a mountain farm and has two little girls, ages 2 and 6. She would enjoy some good reading and Sunday-school material and little books for the girls.

6. I have been a member of the *Cheerful Letter* for several years and I feel like I want to write and thank all for what has been sent me and hope to be remembered this year. Will someone please send me some good reading? Mrs. Walter Nelson, Route 1, Box 55, Critz, Va.

7. The cheer that has been sent me in the past has made many an hour bright and happy which would have otherwise been very sad and lonely. I hope my *Cheerful Letter* friends have not forgotten me and any kind of cheer would be welcomed. My mother and I have been sick the past few

weeks and have to stay in most of the time so I get lonesome with nothing to do. I am crippled very badly and it certainly gets in my heart when I hear of the good times the young people have. I go to some secret place and cry, trying to get comfort of some kind. If I could only walk I believe I would be the happiest person living. Please don't forget us. Miss Mersy M. Testerman, Route 1, Box 84, Rugby, Va.

8. I have just read the June number of the *Cheerful Letter* magazine and I am thinking of what those years of service have done for me. I want to tell all how much I have enjoyed the cheer sent to me in the past, nearly thirty years. The books have been my friends and company and some of them I have read two or three times. So many people have books and never read them. If they would only send some to me, they would do so much good. Your work has done a lot of good and I hope it may continue. Any time you care to remember me with a bit of cheer, it will be highly appreciated. God bless you all. Mrs. N. L. Gillis, Stovall, N. C.

9. Mrs. Attie Clark, Route 2, Bassetts, Va., wishes to thank the one who so kindly sent her a book.

OFFERS

(For the following books apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, Chairman, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.)

For Adults

Quo Vadis — Henry K. Sienkiewicz
An English Woman's Love Letters
Speeches and Addresses of Calvin Coolidge
The Preparation of Calvin Coolidge — Robert A. Woods
In Darkest Africa (Vol. II) — Henry M. Stanley
Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush — Ian Maclaren
Pilgrim's Progress (2 copies) — Bunyun
Lady of the Lake (2 copies) — Sir Walter Scott
Paradise Lost — Milton
World's Classics—Great Britain and Ireland — H. C. Lodge
Ancient Egypt (2 vols.) — Rawlinson
Lyrics of Home-Land — Eugene J. Hall
Idylls of the King — Tennyson
The Eve of St. Agnes — John Keats
Hints on Child Training — Trumbull
Hamlet (2 copies) — Shakespeare
Julius Casear — Shakespeare
As You Like It — Shakespeare
Walsh's New Primary Arithmetic
Benedict's Primary Speller
The Treasures of the Earth — Wm. Jones
Preventable Diseases — Woods Hutchinson
Ivanhoe — Sir Walter Scott
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
Asa Holmes at the Cross-Roads — Annie F. Johnston
Tales from Kipling (paper)
The Crime at Deane's Pool — Whitechurch
Hypatia — Kingsley
Lucile — Meredith
Vicar of Wakefield (2 copies) — Goldsmith
The Tether — Ezra S. Brudno
Meryl — Wm. T. Eldridge
Reveries of a Bachelor — Ik Marvel
This Way Out — Anna McClure Sholl
The Greatest Thing Ever Known — Ralph Waldo Trine
Character-Building Thought Power
What Is Worth While — Anna R. Brown
Kingdom Beautiful — Evelyn M. Watson
Thinking Heavenward — Lillian De Waters
The Simple Life — Chas. Wagner
The New Thought Simplifier — Henry Wood
The Story of "Rock of Ages" — Sutherland
Abraham's Bosom — Basil King
Forever Easter (paper) — Geo. H. Ferris
The Land of Deepening Shadow (Germany at War) — T. Thos. Curten
My Four Years in Germany — Jas. W. Gerard
Nature Study in Elementary Schools
Teacher's Manual — Lucy L. W. Wilson
Gardening for Pleasure — Peter Henderson
Vegetable Gardening — Ralph Watts
The Care and Feeding of Children (2 copies) — Emmett Holt
Text-book of Nursing — Clara S. Weeks
Educating the Child at Home — Ella F. Lynch
Psychology — Jas. R. Angell
A Sales Manager's Field Letters — W. L. Larned
The Home of Mother Church (Allegory) — J. A. Douglas
On the Threshold — Munger
Living Thoughts — Robertson
The Freedom of Life — Annie Payson Call

Devotional

Star of Childhood (poetry) — Ed. by Rev. T. T. Carter
The Gift—An Idyll of Bethlehem — David De F. Burrell
Christian Science — Roy C. Harker
My Little Book of Prayer — Muriel Strode
Prayer and Hymnal (5 sets)
Newman's Hymns
New Testament (Revised Version)

After the Thousand Years Geo. F. French
The Pilgrim Training Course for Teachers, First Year
The New Citizenship Robertson
Safeguarding American Ideals Atwood
The Missionary Education of Juniors J. Gertrude Hutton

Children's Books

Games for Everybody May Hofmann
Little Brother to the Bear Wm. J. Long
Ginger and Pickles Beatrix Potter
Small Book of Pictures
St. Nicholas' Visit Edited by C. W. Brown
The Pilgrim's Progress (illustrated) (Arranged for Young Readers)
Bedtime Wonder Tales: Cinderella Clifton Johnson
The Blossoming Rod: A Christmas Story M. S. Cutting
The Mexican Twins (2 copies) Lucy F. Perkins
Friends and Cousins Abbie F. Brown
Children's Stories from Dickens
Little Gervaise and Other Stories John S. Winter
Everyday Classics: Seventh Reader Baker and Thorndike
Our Little Cuban Cousin Mary H. Wade
White as Snow Edw. and Ruth Garrett
Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party C. E. Jacobs
How Christmas Came to the Mulvaneys Frances M. Fox
A World of Girls (Story of a School) Mrs. L. T. Meade
Mary-Jane Down South Clara I. Judson
New Chronicles of Rebecca Kate D. Wiggin
The Cuckoo Clock Mrs. Molesworth
Bob Knight's Diary at Poplar Hill School Charlotte Smith
Daddy Longlegs Jean Webster
Story of the Gospel Chas. Foster
Midshipman Paulding Shipman
The Triumph of Eugène Valmont Robert Barr
The Bobbsey Twins Laura Lee Hope
Through the Woods Kath. M. Yates
Baby Monkey and Wiley Wolf Kilbourne
Mildred at Roselands Martha Finlay
The Radio Boys in Gold Valley Chapman
English Lesson I (Kinkead Series) Miller
Lionel St. Clair Moncreife
Carpenter's Geographical Reader (South America)
A Book of Nursery Rhymes (Arr. by Charles Welsh)
Money Maker Oliver Optic
A Cathedral Courtship Kate Douglas Wiggin
Weepers in Playtime Beatrice Sands

SERVICE

"What drew you from the shelves?
What great philosophies,
What subtle poems
That feed our better selves?
None; from my oven I drew
Three loaves of light and wholesome bread;
These feed the hungry too.

"What thoughts were yours today?
To right the wrongs,
To succor the distressed,
Hast planned a way?
No; but before 'twas light
I washed the clothes; I had no time for thought.
See, they are white.

"But tell me of your deeds;
Surely you've followed some great enterprise
Where progress leads?
Not I, poor fool,
But four bright faces, cleaned and kissed
I sent to school."

—*Helen Cole Crew*
in The Living Church.

THE FEAST OF THE TREES

Ancient Ceremonial Restores Hills of Palestine

My recent visit to Palestine coincided with an effort that was being made locally to create interest in forestry. Under the patronage of His Excellency the High Commissioner Sir John Chancellor, I was able to co-ordinate the work and to form "The Men of the Trees" in Palestine, which needs trees.

There is perhaps no country in the world that needs them so much as Palestine or would so well repay the planting. The rain-washed slopes are bared of humus. There are no trees to retain the moisture in the soil and the water is lost in the Dead Sea or races down the wadis, the shortest way to the Mediterranean. What few trees remained at the outbreak of the World War were mostly destroyed by the Turkish army.

With the return of the Jews to Palestine there was a revival of national feeling, and closely associated with this is the planting of trees, the idea being that "he who plants in the land shall possess the land."

Last year it was my privilege to take part in a tree planting ceremony which falls at the end of January or the beginning of February—according to the Jewish calendar on the fifteenth of Shevat. This is known as the Feast of the Trees and originated in olden days when Israel was an independent nation living on her own land. Those were the days when each man sat under his own vine and his own fig tree. The essentially agrarian character of the people was reflected in the Law of Moses and gave rise to legislation characteristic of the land. One of the principal features of this was the Law of Allocation of Tithes. Every Israelite was bound to give a proportion of his income, be it cattle or crops, to the Levites, who, "as servants of the Lord, could not amass this competence." These tithes were allocated at the end of the third year of the growing of crops and the Levites were the special custodians of trees.

Unlike other Jewish feasts which may be connected with purely historical or religious events in the annals of the People of Israel, the Feast of the Trees is purely a feast of Nature. It falls between the rainy season and the spring—the incomparable Palestinian spring which brings the land back to life. It is a day, therefore, when Mother Earth puts on her holiday garments and celebrates her own feasts.

During the long years of the dispersion this feast has been kept up, though in a somewhat different manner. It served as a remembrance of a glory that had departed and of the days when planting formed the chief occupation of the community. In the dark days of the Diaspora, Jews gathered into their houses fifteen different kinds of fruits and nuts grown in Palestine and distributed them to their children who ate them in family gathering, offering blessing to the trees. The simple feast celebrated with quiet patriarchal dignity served at once as a reminder of the past and instilled into their hearts a ray of hope for the future.

Now with the return of the Jews to Palestine, this Feast of the Trees has been revived in its original form—that of tree planting—with all the force of national intensity. In the ceremony in which I took part last year, four thousand school children marched from the City of Jerusalem to a suburb called Bait-Vegan, meaning House and Garden. These four thousand school children had been delegated to plant trees along the sidewalks of this new suburb and they formed a procession with their banners and were accompanied by some sixteen thousand spectators. It was a wonderful sight to watch their procession, about four miles in length, and to realize, as a forester, that all this interest had been created in tree planting.

At the entrance to Bait-Vegan, an arch of welcome had been erected, bearing the inscription, "Welcome to the Young Tree Planters." They were a joyful crowd. The air was full with holiday spirit and as they marched they sang songs of the forest and of tree planting. After they had passed under the arch, the procession split into two streams, two thousand children taking up their positions along each of the two main streets of the new suburb. Before the tree planting actually commenced, a halt was called and the chief Rabbi and head of the suburb climbed up on a platform to make a speech of welcome, after which there was no time lost in planting the trees. When their work had been completed, the procession disbanded and groups of friends formed picnic parties on the surrounding hills where they ate their lunch consisting chiefly of nuts and fruit and drank the wine of the country. After their repast, many of them visited the groves of former planting and some of them joined hands and danced around the trees. After the ceremony was over I went back into the City of Jerusalem and visited some of the old men who were keeping the Feast at home by eating the fruit of the trees. In one home for old men I counted fifteen different kinds of fruit and nuts on the festal menu.

Not only were these tree planting ceremonies taking place in the neighborhood surrounding Jerusalem, but all over the country in the Jewish colonies and settlements children of all ages were celebrating the Feast of the Trees. At Ben-Sheman I witnessed a similar tree planting ceremony in which five hundred school children took part. At the end of the tree planting bags of nuts were distributed and after a picnic lunch expeditions were made to parts of the forest which had been planted by previous generations of scholars.

I should like to be able to convey the festive mood, the enthusiasm which accompanies these tree planting ceremonies. It is not a drudgery or a task which has to be performed whether it is liked or not. It is a joyous occasion and everybody enters into

the spirit of the moment. The panorama of these little pupils celebrating this feast of Nature by tree planting in the land of their fathers is picturesque beyond description. The jubilant voices of the children become a remarkable fulfilment of the divine promise to Rachel, the Mother of Israel, as recorded in the prophecy of Jeremiah, "refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears for thy work shall be rewarded and they shall come again from the land of the enemy and thy children shall come again from their own border." Yet again we are reminded of the Nature of poets amongst the ancients who said, "The trees of the fields shall clap their hands. . . . Instead of the thorn shall come up the myrtle."

A miracle is happening in Palestine today —in this land of historic interest and future prospect. All sections of the community are coming together for tree planting. People with strongly differing religious views are coming together for the work of tree planting so that this ancient country, so full of sacred associations, may once again blossom as the rose.

Trees are an ever increasing need in the lives of the people and now that interest is being created in tree planting, the barren hills will be summoning forth their strength that remains and under the influence of sun and rain will once again yield their woodland harvest. Trees grow twice as fast in Palestine as in the North American continent. In Palestine we always have the sun; today it still brings comfort to the land, caressing it with its rays and keeping alive the hope that this land will yet be raised up to life and be an everlasting glory.—*Richard St. Barbe Baker, in Nature Magazine.* (Captain Baker is the moving spirit in "The Men of the Trees," an international tree planting group which had its origin in the inspiration given by an African tribe of tree-loving and preserving natives.)

FROM BENARES TO CALCUTTA

Benares is an overnight journey from Agra. Driving to the hotel over a dusty road in the glaring sun we looked forward to the blessed relief of an honest-to-goodness bath. Instead we found, in the small room that classified as a bathroom, another of those tubs of tin whose ancient and dishonorable breed make bathing in India so hazardous. Now since leaving Bombay I had, I must confess, become almost innured to the time-honored custom of waiting for the beastie to bring in the sparing portion of bath water from a nearby well, and had numbed my senses to the degree of being able to appreciate even the merest lining of water over the bottom of the tub, yet in this "best hotel" of Benares I could not bring myself to deprive the tub of what it needed more than I.

And yet Benares has always been a goal of the tourist; why better facilities are not available is another of those minor mysteries in which India abounds.

But although the Holy City on the Ganges is itself primitive in the extreme, its highly emotional religious rites and ceremonies are anything but simple. As a center of Siva worship it teems with all the fanatical and unreasonable practices with which the blind adherence to a faith of this kind is associated.

The morning was well advanced when we braved the heat and dust of the two mile bump to the city. Bump is the word. On a tonga. A tonga, in case you are unaware of it, is a two-wheeled cart drawn by a small pony, and invented in the era when a spring was a source of drinking water and not something to ride on. Hence at no time during the ride to Benares were our minds on the scenery; rather, it required our entire attention to keep from being catapulted off the cart.

There are reputed to be 1200 Hindu temples and 20,000 priests in Benares; and in a tiny congested lane, not quite eight feet in width, we discovered one of the most famous of them—the Temple of Siva, the holy of holies. On either side of the narrow lane were rows and rows of houses and booths, vending a conglomerate assortment of trinkets of the "five-and-ten" variety. A never-ending procession of worshippers moved into and out of the Temples; a sort of perpetual holiday parade of pilgrims from all parts of the District, bringing flowers and holy water as offerings to the god. Nowhere else, to my knowledge, does one see the devotion, unquestioning sacrifice and intense reverence which motivate these pious pilgrims.

Next we came to the cow temple, with its stalls of sacred cows; and the monkey temple, or Temple of Durga the Terrible, where little yellow apes sport about among the worshippers and nibble food from the hand of the priest. It happened to be an important hour in the monkey temple. Cymbals, drums and bells voiced their

warning to evil spirits that within the temple Durga the Terrible was receiving the supplications of her children.

It recalled one night in Udaipur. I had strolled from the hotel along the road which fronts it. The moon had not yet risen, but overhead the stars shone bright and clear and faintly from afar through the stillness of the night came the rhythmic beat of a drum and the tinkle of a bell. I shall always feel a deference to that Indian night, to the stars faintly lighting the roadway, the hush and calm, and the pat of that distant temple drum.

It is time to return to the hotel. This time we board a motor car, one of those Early American productions famous for its rattles and its enthusiastic bounce; and now our problem is to avoid being catapulted into the lap of the chauffeur. On the hotel verandah, after luncheon, appeared the inevitable snake charmer, who forthwith unpacked his eight circular wicker boxes and started his one-man circus. A quick prod of the hand and out spring the Cobra, one of the scourges of India; and then the mongoose, his ancient foe, darted forth as far as his tether would permit, poised for the battle to death with his hooded adversary. But I had no desire to witness the end of the tragedy, and after luggage was packed, we set out for Sarnath. This ancient ruin, seven miles from Benares, dates from around 500 B.C. and was for many centuries a Buddhist stronghold. The buildings have been leveled by the Hindu and Mohammedan conquerors, but the massive tope stands, moss-covered and crumbling.

The chief interest of the average tourist in Benares lies in the bathing and burning Ghats along the Ganges; and the three-mile water front rewards the sightseer with some strange religious ceremonies. Picture a three-mile stretch of the river bank, covered almost continuously with wide stone steps leading from the narrow streets above down to the water's edge; and at intervals there are wooden platforms surmounted by sun umbrellas and awnings, where sit the priests and Brahmins. There you have the setting for the laving of the quick and the cremating of the dead which attracts an unbroken stream of pilgrims from the farthest reaches of India. Hither come believers who have spent months, years of planning and sacrifice to attain this holy ground. From Tibet, from Burma and from Ceylon they have trudged and suffered, and now, here by the Holy Ganges, they can cleanse themselves of all earthly sin, by bathing in and by drinking of the sacred waters, by sitting motionless in meditation on the river bank, and offering the precious fluid to the sun. The highest good of all, the devout believe, comes in having their ashes strewn upon the bosom of this sacred river.

The best vantage point from which to view these proceedings is from the flat roof of a boat. And accordingly, one morning at about seven o'clock, we found ourselves seated in comfortable wicker chairs on the roof deck of one of these boats, witnessing the worship of the Sadus or holy men and the pilgrims from many lands. They are a common sight in India, and particularly in Benares, these Sadus, naked save for a dirty loin cloth, hair hanging to the shoulders in a filthy, matted snarl; bodies and faces covered with ashes; necks encircled with a faded and withering garland of marigolds.

And now let us leave Benares and Siva, the strange god of the creative force; let us leave the Ganges carrying to the sea the sins of the believer; let us leave the temples with their images of the god, the monkeys and the cows, and the priests with their shaven pates and bare torsos; let us leave the pilgrims thronging the thoroughfares and the Bathing Ghats, and the funeral pyres of the faithful on the Burning Ghats; let us flee from the influence and the presence of the many-armed, many-legged, terrible-visaged gods and goddesses that make hideous these precincts of holiness. Calcutta beckons—let us go on.

Calcutta, capital of the Bengal Presidency, is a modern city of 1,500,000 souls, of broad streets, fine buildings and beautifully kept parks. Arriving at Howrah Station, we cross a pontoon bridge, in the center of which is a draw for the passage of large ships, and drive to the Great Eastern Hotel in Old Court Street.

The Jain Temple is very ornate and attractive in its decorations. Its pillars are inlaid with blue glass mosaic and the interiors are wrought in gilt and floral design. The Temple harbors the god Parshnut for whom a great festival and street parade is held each year. It was our good fortune to witness this celebration. The procession, which took several hours to pass, was a delightful spectacle with its profusion of color and variety. Thousands of gaily colored flags, innumerable arks and temple vessels of gold and silver were borne past us; while bands of native musicians

marched by at frequent intervals.

Beside the Jain Temple, Calcutta has many other points of interest. There is the banyan tree that is one thousand feet in circumference. There is the Victoria Memorial, a large, domed, white stone building of heroic proportions which faces the Maidan or park that occupies the center of the city. And there is the Museum, with its interesting and valuable collections of old brass, china, stone images of Buddha and varied objects from Tibet, Nepal and Kashmir. To those doing research in medicine, the School and Hospital of Tropical Medicine are also worth visiting. And, finally, there is the visit to Kaligat, the Hindu temple dedicated to Kali, wife of Siva—where the visitor may see how the fear of evil can color the moral behavior of the worshippers, and where the ritual of fanaticism is carried to its highest extremes.

No journey to Calcutta is complete, moreover, without a trip to Darjeeling, for the classic early-morning view of Mount Everest. Leaving Calcutta in the evening, we arrived at Siliguri the following morning, whence we drove by motor to the Mount Everest Hotel in Darjeeling. The hotel is ideally situated and on a clear day affords a wonderful panorama of the Kanchenjurga Range, rivalled only by Mount Everest itself, and like the latter insurmountable.

With nothing to do but wait for sunrise of the day following, we amused ourselves by wandering here and there about the small village of Darjeeling, observing the interesting variety of hill people who come from Tibet, Nepal and the mountains hereabout to buy supplies. Especially were we entertained by the Buddhist Lamas with their curious prayer wheels. They are a very friendly folk and grinned with pleasure when we asked them to pose for their pictures.

At two o'clock the following morning came the awakening knock on my door. A thrill with the prospect of seeing the highest mountain in the world I speeded into my clothes with an alacrity that would have done credit to a fireman responding to a fire alarm. Then out into the inky night, into a waiting motor, a twenty-minute ride to Ghum; and a two-hour ride on horseback up a precipitous mountain path to the summit of Tiger Hill. There the guides set about making coffee; we drank what they made without question, for it was at least hot and comforting. Meanwhile we kept looking to the East for the dramatic moment.

It was not to be. Darkness lifted—but not the dense veil of mist over the mountain peak; and as daylight broke our spirits shrank as we realized that all our efforts had been for nothing. The guides consoled us somewhat by telling us that people sometimes make the trip as many as four times without result; and I suppose that should the opportunity present itself again I will try it at least once more. We trudged our weary way back to Ghum.

Returning to Calcutta, I booked on the narrow gauge, which runs by gravity the entire way to Siliguri, in the fashion of our own railway from Mt. Tamalpais in San Francisco. There awaiting me were my good Indian friends Dr. Sacravati and party and I knew I was in good hands. It took no little will power to break these hospitable ranks, and continue my journey to Burma.—*Dr. J. E. Gross, in William Penn Points.*

"THE TWO VIEWS"

To man it seemed that Evil had prevailed,
That His fair life had altogether failed,
And nought was left but what the Cross impaled:—
But God saw otherwise!

They would have hailed Him King, and with acclaim,
Upon the wings of His far-reaching fame,
Have swept the land like a devouring flame:—
But God saw otherwise!

It seemed as though his life had gone for nought:—
Nothing to show for that long battle fought,
But a pale prisoner to the gibbet brought:—
But God saw otherwise!

No lasting good seemed ever like to come
Of all his sowing,—neither fruit nor bloom,
Instead—a felon's cross, an alien tomb:—
But God saw otherwise!

We, too, at times, come nigh to lose our hope,
When with life's evils we no more can cope,
And in the dark with heavy hearts we grope:—
But God sees otherwise!

(*From "Gentlemen—The King," by John Oxenham.*)

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

PETER, THE PEANUT MAN

Everybody in town knew Peter, the Peanut Man, especially all the boys and girls, for Peter sold peanuts on the street corner. Some of the parents suspected that Peter had quite a hard time to get along, for he had a sick wife to support and he had to do most of the housework as well as to earn a living. But Peter was always cheerful and jolly.

Early one morning, he set his stands in order with a good deal of pride. He had freshly roasted peanuts on one stand, crisp popcorn balls on another stand, and gum-balls on the third stand. He had just added popcorn and gum-balls to his stock of peanuts and he hoped they would bring in a little more money.

It was not long before the children came by with pennies and nickels to spend. Peanuts were first wanted, and then they spied the popcorn and gum-balls; so Peter was kept quite busy. A tall boy came toward the stand and asked Peter if he could change a dollar.

"Stay here a minute while I run into the drug-store for some change," said Peter to the boy. Peter hurried away, and at just that minute along came little Ruthie Bryant with her two sisters to buy some popcorn. Ruthie was skipping along backward; so she did not see the gum-ball stand until she ran right into it. The gum-ball stand tipped over and hit the peanut stand; the peanut stand tipped over and hit the popcorn stand, and down they all crashed together with Ruthie Bryant right in the midst of them all. And peanuts and popcorn and gum-balls rolled all over the sidewalk.

Her two sisters helped her up. "Just see what you have done by skipping backward!" cried Rebecca.

"What will poor Mr. Peter do?" said Roberta reproachfully. But Ruthie said not a word; for there was nothing to say. Swiftly she began to pick up peanuts and popcorn balls for Mr. Peter. So did some of the other children; but some of them ran away with their pockets full. Ruthie did not run. She stood sturdily by the wrecked stands until Mr. Peter appeared. All the children stood around, and some of them pointed an accusing finger at Ruthie, who said not a word, but looked very sorry.

"She didn't mean to do it," explained Rebecca, her older sister. "She was running backward and she ran into the gum-ball stand."

"And that tipped over and hit the popcorn stand," added Roberta, the middle sister, "and that upset the peanut stand."

"I see," said Mr. Peter slowly. And what he saw was a day's supply of peanuts, popcorn, and gum-balls rolling around the dirty pavement.

"It was all her fault; so she will have to pay for it all," said one of the children standing near.

"No, no," said Mr. Peter quickly. "It was an accident, and so she was not to blame." He patted Ruthie on the head and told her to run home. He would soon have things cleared up and ready for business again.

The news of Mr. Peter's bad luck in the wrecked stands soon spread around town, for everybody liked Mr. Peter. And do you know, the next day Peter had more business than ever before; for everybody wanted peanuts, popcorn, or gum-balls. He was all sold out by noon and had to order another supply.

So Peter's business grew and grew until, one day, he left his stands and moved into a little store, where he sold all sorts of things which children like; but of course there were always peanuts and popcorn. And on Saturdays, when business was very brisk, he had to hire someone to help him. The new clerk was not very big, but she sold more peanuts and popcorn than even old Mr. Peter himself. For the new clerk was none other than little Ruthie Bryant. Of course Ruthie was anxious to help Mr. Peter to make up for the loss caused by the overturned stands that day; so when Mr. Peter needed extra help, he was very glad to have Ruthie work for him. So you see, Mr. Peter's bad luck caused by Ruthie's accident in overturning the stands really turned into good luck, after all. And jolly old Peter is still selling peanuts and popcorn in his little corner store.—*Carrie Belle Borden, in The Christian Register.*

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

There are far too many people putting things right.—*Sir Ernest Benn.*

SING ME A SHEPHERD'S SONG

Sing me a shepherd's song,
A song the shepherd sings
When, kneeling in the tranquil night
He dreams of many things.
Sing me that song of love,
And hope and simple faith
That blows from the eternal hills
To bring me joy in death.

Sing me a shepherd's song,
A humble song, sincere
With all the moving loneliness
That makes a shepherd's year.
The shepherd's fire is bright.
The lambs lie down to sleep,
And underneath the silent stars,
The shepherd counts his sheep.

Sing me a shepherd's song,
A song of rain and sun,
Green fields and luring woodland paths
And happy days begun.
For in a shepherd's song,
That pure and lofty strain
Straight from a shepherd's heart to mine,
I shall find God Again!

—*Anne Campbell.*

Sentence Sermon

Full well I know no whelming deeps of darkness
Can hide from me Thy presence and Thy power.

—*Charlotte A. Humphreys.*

Be ye kind one to another.

THANKS FOR YOUR RESPONSE

The Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange wishes to thank all those who so kindly responded to her request for copies of the June issue. A goodly number were received.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.
Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

WEEKS & DOTEN CO.
BOSTON, MASS.